

/151 cont./

533 music than others. I have observed a man who played his musical bow in every spare moment.

Rhythmic hand clapping accompanies singing.

534 Dance rattles (guri) are made of the cocoons of a night
237 butterfly. These cocoons are strung on strings and dried. While the cocoons are still soft, little stones or pieces of ostrich egg shell are pressed into the inner cavity and the soft envelope is closed over them (see Photo. 39).

535 The rattles, when they are dried and hard, are strung and fastened to the ankle. They are supposed to be used at all dances.

War dance (see Photos. 41 and 42).

The women sit or stand, clapping their hands and singing, while the men crouch or stand opposite them. One man slides out of the row on his knees toward the row of women and makes war-like gestures, as though he were evading an arrow, flinging a spear, etc.

One of the women thrusts out an arm and utters a brief, deep cry, thereby indicating that a spear has been thrown or an arrow shot. The man pretends he is wounded and screams. If he is "dead," he crawls back, and a new solo dancer takes his place. Women, too, are sometimes "dead" or "wounded."

Indecisive battles are indicated.

Here, too, there are very passionate dancers, both male and female, as well as those who have a special talent for mimicry.

The porcupine dance (see Photo. 40) is performed only by men. A number of men stand facing one another, stamp the ground rhythmically, and utter loud shouts. One of them is the "porcupine," which is beaten to death by another man or stabbed with a spear. Everything is indicated by motions.

Eland bull dance. I was unable to learn the nature of this dance, but apparently the rutting lust of the eland is imitated.

M. Means of Transportation

- 487 Bush paths are formed by the Bushmen on the main lines of traffic, for instance, from the settlement to water. When a
- 648 Bushman uses the pad (that is, the road of the Whites), he has an

The Fire

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ing great carcasses of fallen trees, some with the leaves on the⁷³¹
top still green, that were filling the air with the smell of their
wood burning. The ground was still warm to walk on, but all
the bushes, all the little succulents, all the vines that marked
the water roots were gone; no snake or lizard or animal was
there, all were burned or had gone; we saw only animal tracks
half filled with ashes, and a few birds come to eat dead in-
sects. We saw a pair of secretary birds and later a pair of^[196]
paouw, huge gray birds that walk more than they fly, wan-
dering through the ruins looking for dead reptiles.

As we walked, fine black powder rose to dust our legs, and
now and then, off through the standing tree trunks and be-
tween the fallen trees' great upflung roots, little whirlwinds
crossed back and forth, raising the dust in spiraled pillars.^[921]
Bushmen say that whirlwinds show the presence of the spir-^{775]}
its of the dead.

Witabe's eyes searched over the ground, and when he saw²²²
a small mound of earth he walked up to it and punctured it²⁶²
with his toe. Out rushed a horde of ants, which had been safe
in their tunnels when the fire passed and now began at once
to repair their damaged mound. Witabe crouched among
them and began to pick and eat them, selecting the soldier
ants, ones with large heads and heavy jaws. He bit off the ab-
domens, tossing the heads away. Presently he offered some to
us, as I had feared he would; as everyone else ate one, I did
also, and found that it was not too unpleasant but sour and
very watery, very like a blackberry before it is ripe. The work-
ers, I am told, are tasteless, but the fighters are considered a
near-delicacy; mine opened her jaws wide to fight my thumb
before I ate her.

Later in the day, when the sun in the sky, the still burning⁴⁸¹
trees, and the fire-warmed sand made the air on the flats un-⁴⁸⁷
bearably hot, we turned back to camp for the shade of our

481 trees, and on our way we found a path where before there
 487 had been none. We followed it, it led to camp, and at its end
 we found Gai and eighteen other Bushmen, whose feet as
 they had walked in single file had worn a track. As we ap-
 609 proached, the eighteen strangers drew back and together, the
 women behind the men, babies in their arms, and watched
 us hostilely. Gai persuaded them to sit down, which they did,
 all together, and when we asked them if they were hungry
 they said yes, so we gave them a drink of water and set a big
 pot of cornmeal to cook on our fire. We gave them each to-
 bacco, which they smoked while they waited for the cornmeal
 to cook.

621 In that band there were six men, five of them in their thir-
 162 ties, five women who seemed much younger, and one woman
 596 who was very old. There were also three young boys and three
 babies, two girls and a boy. We guessed from the looks of
 the people—and later found that we were right—that the
 band was a small extended family. The old woman seemed to
 be the key figure of the band, for with her were her two sons
 and three daughters, their wives and husbands, and their
 children. The sixth man—a boy, really—did not seem to be-
 long in this tightly woven group, for he was not married, be-
 ing too young; he seemed too young to be the child of the
 old woman, though too old to be her grandchild, and I won-
 dered who he was. Witabe's father was not there, and on that
 trip we did not find him.

142 The three sisters of the band were all arrestingly beautiful.
 They looked alike, with very fine faces, slender features, large
 eyes, and they all wore handsome white bead ornaments.
 Heavy eyelids, set off by the pronounced, delicate bones of
 their faces, made them look of uncertain race, or like houris,
 and their slender bodies with skins slightly wrinkled made
 them seem of uncertain age. Perhaps the sun had made the